

Iron Wine, Bird Stealing Bread

Tell me baby tell me
Are you still on the stoop
Watching the windows close
I've not seen seen you lately
On the street, by the beach
Or places we used to go
I've a picture of you
On our favorite day by the seaside
There's a bird stealing bread
That I brought out from under my nose
Tell me baby tell me
Does his company make
Light of a rainy day
How I've missed you lately
And the way we would speak
And all that we wouldn't say
Do his hands in your hair
Feel a lot like a thing you believe in
Or a bit like a bird stealing bread
Out from under your nose
Tell me baby tell me
Do you carry the words
Around like a key or change
I've been thinking lately
of a night on the stoop
and all that we wouldn't say
If I see you again
On the street, by the beach
In the evening
Will you fly like a bird stealing bread
Out from under my nose